

UCKPUCKERS PLUCKED BY TUCKER TRUCKERS!

PROG 465
12 APR 86

WE GOT 'EM,
COLD, ACE!

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

£1.60 Malaysia
70c Australia
70c New Zealand
80p Germany
210g Venus
90g Mars
15g Antarctic Belt
110g Saturn
2g Pluto
42g Neptune

26p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY



NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

"Artwork by no less than 11 droids? In a single issue? Is that why this zarjaz prog feels like it weighs more than a zarjaz prog usually weighs?" I hear you ask. The answer, Terrans, is...no. There are two reasons why this prog is packing a bit more beef: for starters, it contains a special 4-page supplement telling you all about my second smash-hit issue of **DICEMAN** – in which **YOU** are *Hammerstein*, **YOU** are *The Diceman*, **YOU** are *Slaine*! Naturally, 4 pages of thrill-powered advertising adds a load to the prog's weight...and when you also program a trailer for one of the 3 new series from my 9th Birthday Prog – and when that series is *Anderson* – then you know we're talking serious thrillograms! As for the 11 artists I mentioned at the beginning, see if you can track them all down. No prizes for guessing: we don't want to get heavy about it.

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

ZZ THARG



THARG

Drawn by Earthlet Mark Chadwick, Milton Keynes. £10 Winner.



Drawn by Earthlet Adrian McGuire, Maldenhead. £10 Winner.

JUDGE UKKO

THE DRAWING BOARD

Dear Tharg the Mighty,

I have sent you a lot of drawings, but none of them have ever been shown. Please could you tell me how you sort out the best drawings.

From Earthlet Scott Clarke, Westcliff-On-Sea. £5 Winner.

Borag Thungg, Tharg,

I would like to know how to go about sending in some drawings for your scrotnig Nerve Centre: what size of paper to use, for example; whether enclosing a Stamped Addressed Envelope will get my drawing sent back to me; and how to send it to you in the first place. I'd be grateful, O Mighty One, if you could fill me in on these details.

From Earthlet Bradley Sanders, London. £5 Winner.

If you want to see your drawing immortalised in one of my future progs...it *must* be in black ink on white paper. Even the most scrotnig of scans will be given the big green elbow if it's in pencil. Also, it *must not* be a tracing, or an exact copy, from one of my progs; only original artwork can be truly zarjaz. Your drawings can be about twice the size of those you see every week on the Nerve Centre – but not much larger. As for SAEs, I greatly prefer to be sent good quality photostats rather than originals, because then I don't have to waste valuable thrill-time at the Post Office returning them to you. If you insist, however, then it can be arranged – though it might take a while for you to get it back!

THE DART BOARD

Dear Tharg,

Is there anywhere on our planet where I can get a set of *Judge Dredd* dart flights and a *Judge Death* dart board (with Death's face printed on it)? If so, please tell me.

From Earthlet Kris Cornell, Montgomery, Powys. £5 Winner.

To the best of my knowledge, no Terran business has yet created these products – although now you've given them this zarjaz idea, it will only be a matter of time before Dredd darts and Death boards hit the high street.

THE GARP: ALL ABOARD

Greetings, Mighty One,

When *Ace Garp* first appeared in your scrotnig publication, I cringed. All the time he was in it, I ground my teeth. Then he was cremated, and I rejoiced. Now he's back – and I have begun to like him. Is this terminal softening of the circuits, do you suppose?

From slow but on target Earthlet Corin Corley, Faringdon, Oxon. £5 Winner.

No, I just think you've finally wised up. It certainly took you long enough to get on the ol' Garp bandwagon. Now you'll have to lock yourself away and start working through the back prog thrills you missed first time around.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: **THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.**

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age Is..... **465**

HE SENT FOR ME TO EAT WITH HIM
THIS MORNING, IN ONE OF MOAB'S
MORE PICTURESQUE AREAS OF
DESOLATION.

WE ATE PEARS
IN A BITTER
VINEGAR SAUCE.
THEY WERE
DELICIOUS.

I REMEMBER HIS GIANT
HANDS, HOLDING THE
TINY PLATINUM SPOON
WITHOUT DIFFICULTY,
WORKING IT INTO THE
FLESH OF THE PEARS.

I REMEMBER THE
MURDERED
PLANET
STRETCHING ALL
ABOUT US.

EVERYTHING I HAVE HAS BEEN
SHATTERED: MY FRIENDS, MY
DREAMS, MY AMBITIONS.

THE FRAGMENTS
OF MY LIFE LIE
ALL AROUND ME
HERE.

THIS MORNING,
I SAT AMONGST
THE RUBBLE...

...AND I ATE
THE BEST MEAL
OF MY LIFE.

The Ballad Of HALO JONES



14: Breakfast In The Ruins

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ADAPT
ALAN MOORE
ART ADAPT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ADAPT
STARKINGS
COMPU-73c



ARE YOU ENJOYING THE PEARS, SERGEANT JONES? THEY'RE FROM MY OWN ORCHARDS.

HALO.

WHAT?



MY NAME'S HALO. MY NAMES NOT SERGEANT JONES, AND I WISH YOU'D STOP ALL THIS STUPID, FORMAL MESSING AROUND WHEN YOUR EYES ARE SAYING SOMETHING ELSE.

BUT YES, THE PEARS ARE GREAT.

SIR.



I SEE. AND WHAT ARE MY EYES SAYING?

OH LOOK, PLEASE, I'M TOO OLD FOR ALL THIS STUFF. YOU'RE ATTRACTED TO ME. THAT'S FINE. I'M ATTRACTED TO YOU, TOO.



YOU ARE?

WHY?



BECAUSE YOU SCARE ME.

BECAUSE YOU HAVE NICE HANDS.

I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO BE BAD NEWS AND I WANT TO BE WITH YOU ANYWAY. YOU THINK THAT MEANS I'VE GOT AN UNHEALTHY ATTITUDE?



I THINK IT MEANS THAT WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.

COME ... LET US GO TO THE WESTERN HANGARS. THERE IS SOMETHING THERE THAT I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO SEE ...

...HALO.

THE WESTERN HANGARS WERE SILENT, HUGE, MOSTLY EMPTY. THERE WERE PATTERNS LEFT IN THE DUST ON THE FLOOR WHERE THE WARSHIPS HAD BEEN HAULED AWAY...

THERE.
ISN'T SHE
MAGNIFICENT?

OH, OH
THAT'S
INCREDIBLE!
WHAT IS
IT? THAT ISN'T
A WARP
ASSEMBLY
THERE...

NO, IT'S A
NEW SYSTEM
WHEREBY FASTER
THAN LIGHT
PARTICLES ARE
CREATED FROM
NOTHING BY
SUBATOMIC
INTERACTIONS.

IT'S
CALLED
THE FREE
LUNCH
DRIVE.

WITH ITS POWER,
A CABIN CRUISER
IS CAPABLE OF
TRAVELLING TO THE
FAR SYSTEMS.

I COULD GO
ANYWHERE
IN IT.

WE COULD
GO ANYWHERE
IN IT.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
WHAT DO
YOU
MEAN?

I MEAN
THAT THE
WAR IS
FINISHED
HERE. WITH
THE DOLPHINS
RUNNING EARTH
I FEAR WAR
MAY BE
FINISHED
EVERYWHERE.

SOON, I SHALL
LEAVE. I WANT
YOU WITH ME.

LEAVING? BUT YOUR
CAREER...

THE CETACEANS ARE
MAKING THINGS
DIFFICULT FOR THOSE
WHO MANAGED THE WAR.
WE FACE HEARINGS,
INVESTIGATIONS. I HAVE
ONE THIS MORNING.
AFTERWARDS, MY
CAREER MAY
MEAN LITTLE.

WOULD
YOU
LIKE TO
ATTEND?

I SAID I WOULD. I DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT KIND OF
INVESTIGATIONS HE
MEANT, BUT I WANTED
TO BE THERE WITH HIM.

AS MUCH AS
ANYTHING, I
WANTED TO HEAR
HIM SPEAK, TO
WATCH HIM
PERFORM.



HE PERFORMED
MAGNIFICENTLY...

BUT THE
INTERROGATION
WAS BRUTAL,
AND MAGNIFICENCE
WASN'T ENOUGH.

ITITIKITITIRIK
RIK!TITIKTI-
RIK?



HER SERENITY
WISHES TO KNOW
IF GENERAL
CANNIBAL WAS
AWARE OF TERRAN
ATTACKS ON THE
CIVILIAN
POPULATIONS
OF WARZONES
FOUR, TWELVE
AND
FIFTEEN.

IN MANAGING A
NEBULA-WIDE
CONFRONTATION,
WE CANNOT ALWAYS
ACCOUNT FOR EVERY
OFFICER, EVERY
PRIVATE...

YOU AVOID
THE QUESTION,
GENERAL CANNIBAL.
WERE YOU AWARE
OF THE ATTACKS?

NO. I WAS
NOT.

THANK YOU, GENERAL.
HER SERENITY
HAS ALSO DIRECTED ME
TO ASK YOU WHY WARZONE
FIVE, THE PLANET CHARON,
HAS BEEN COMPLETELY
RAZED BY ATOMIC
FIRE.

AN ACCIDENT.
THERE WAS A
MASSIVE NUCLEAR
EXCURSION FROM A
MAYO MUNITIONS
DUMP. THE
PLANET WAS
BURNED.



AN
ACCIDENT.
I SEE.

THANK YOU,
GENERAL.
THERE WILL BE
NO FURTHER
QUESTIONS.



THE PRELIMINARY
HEARING WAS
OVER, BUT THE
LAST QUESTION
HAD DRAWN
BLOOD.

HE STARED
MURDEROUSLY
AT THE DOLPHIN,
KNUCKLES BIG AS
BIRD SKULLS,
WHITE AND
CLENCHED ON THE
SIDES OF THE
WITNESS BOX.

AFTER THE HEARING, HE HAD WORK ELSEWHERE SO I REJOINED BETA PLATOON.



EVERYONE SEEMED DISTANT. I GUESS THEY KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING BETWEEN ME AND THE GENERAL, THOUGH EVEN I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS.

THAT NIGHT WE DINED AGAIN. HE GAVE ME A COPY OF HIS CABIN CRUISER'S DRIVE KEYS, AND I LET HIM KISS ME.



HIS TUSKS GRAZED MY SHOULDER, LEAVING A LONG SCRATCH.

LATER, BACK IN THE BARRACKS, I RAN MY FINGERTIP ALONG THE SCAR, WONDERING.



TO RUN AWAY WITH HIM... THE IDEA IS SO TEMPTING, AND OTHERWISE MY LIFE IS SUCH A MESS. WHAT DO I HAVE TO LOSE?

I DRIFT OFF TO SLEEP WITH THAT THOUGHT RINGING AROUND MY MIND: "WHAT DO I HAVE TO LOSE?"

IN MY DREAMS, THE PASSAGEWAYS ARE FILLED WITH COBWEBS AND CORPSES.



I STUMBLE THROUGH AN EXIT DOOR, FALLING INTO A TANGLE OF STICKY STRANDS.

I TELL MYSELF THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. THE WAR'S OVER. I'M NOT IN DANGER ANY MORE. UP ABOVE, SOMETHING BIG SHIFTS ITS WEIGHT...



... AND SUDDENLY I KNOW WHAT THERE IS TO WORRY ABOUT. I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO LOSE ...

... BUT WHEN I WAKE UP I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING EXCEPT THE TERROR.

NEXT PROG.

TARANTULA DESCENDING

SMILEY'S WORLD, 2158, WHERE MAX BUBBA
AND HIS MUTIE HENCHMEN HAVE STAKED OUT
JOHNNY ALPHA AND WULF...

Strontium DOG



2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT: ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART: ROBOT
CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING: ROBOT
KID ROBSON

COMPU-73e









TWO MORE DAYS JOHNNY
ALPHA LASTS, FREEZING
BY NIGHT, BAKED BY DAY.
TWO DAYS WITH THE
BODY OF HIS DEAD
FRIEND BESIDE HIM...



TWO DAYS WHEN
EVEN HIS THOUGHTS
OF VENGEANCE ARE
DRIVEN FROM HIS
MIND BY THE
RELENTLESS PAIN.





FREE 'LEGEND OF THE LINKITS' COLOUR POSTER IN EAGLE THIS WEEK!

ACE TRUCKING CO. The Doppelgarp

IN A PARALLEL UNIVERSE, SPACE TRUCKER ACE GARP AND HIS DOUBLE HAVE BOOZLED UP THE CUSTOMS CHICKENS WHO'D TAKEN OVER SPEEDO GHOST. NOW, STAGE TWO OF THEIR DASTARDLY PLOT TO SMUGGLE TEN MILLION BYMS WORTH OF INTOXICATING BOOZLE EGGS INTO PLANET LUCKPUCK CONTINUES APACE



UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF BOOZLE, THE CUSTOMS OFFICERS NEITHER KNOW NOR CARE WHAT IS GOING ON—



AND SOON—



NO! ALWAYS YOU MAKE
CRAZY SCHEME, ACE—ALWAYS
GET FEEK IN TROUBLE!

THIS TIME FEEK PUT FOOT
DOWN! NOT WEAR CHICKEN
SUIT—AND THAT DOUBLE-
DEFINITE!



ATTENTION,
PENCILHEAD!
UCKPUCK ON
VISUAL!
LANDING IN
FIFTEEN
MINUTES!



'POLOGIES,
BONY BUDDY—
BUT WE DOESN'T
HAVE TIME TO
POKE VOKES
WITH YA!



YOU 'S
COMIN'—



AN' THAT'S
A DOUBLE-
DEFINITE!

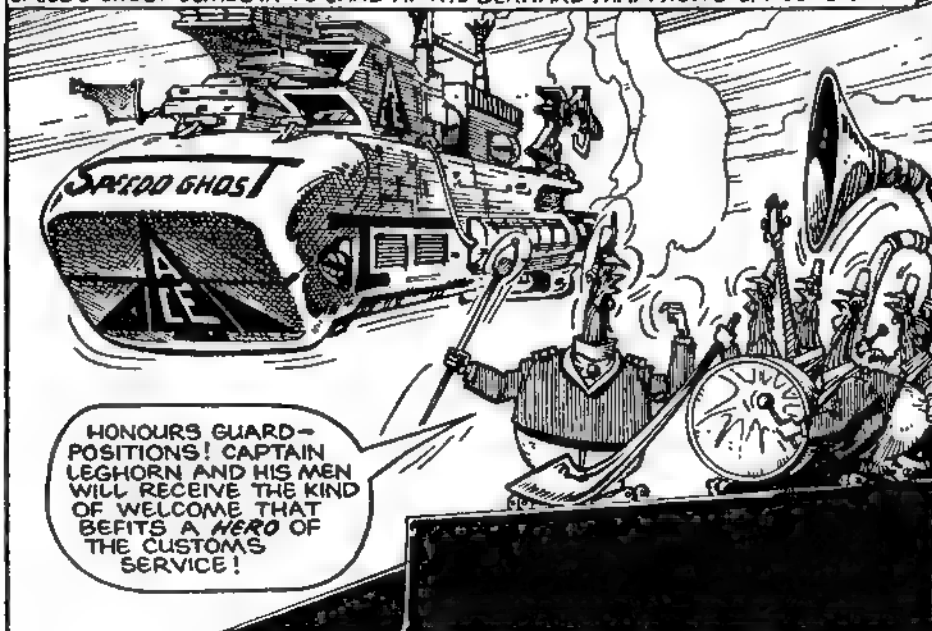


WHAT ABOUT ME,
ACE? WHAT DO I DO
WHEN THE UCKPUCKANS
COME ABOARD AND
FIND THEIR CRACK
CUSTOMS CHICKENS
LIKE THAT—AND THEIR
PRISONERS MISSING?

DON'T
GNAW THE
CLAW, BIFFIN'
BUDDY. YOU'LL
THINK O'
SOMETHIN'!



SPEEDO GHOST COMES IN TO LAND AT THE BERNARD MATTHEWS SPACEPORT—

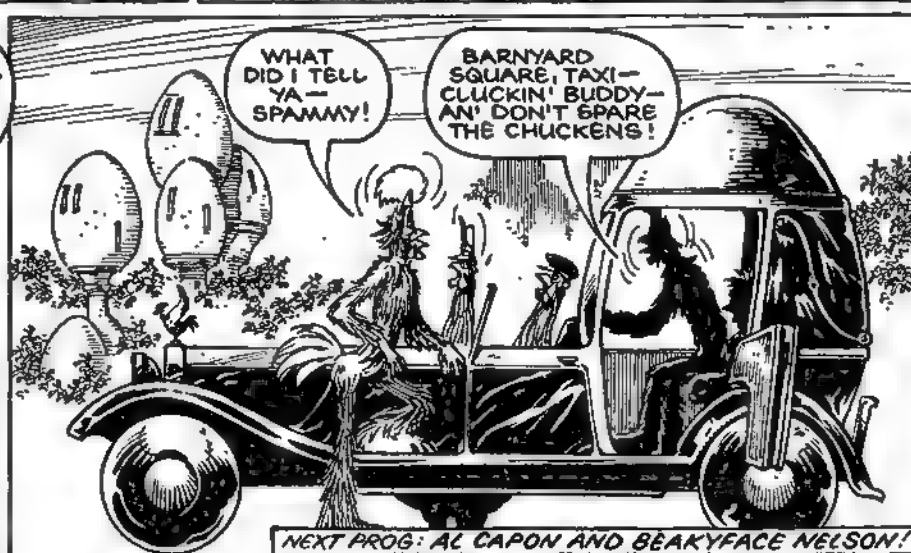


HONOURS GUARD-
POSITIONS! CAPTAIN
LEGHORN AND HIS MEN
WILL RECEIVE THE KIND
OF WELCOME THAT
BEFITS A HERO OF
THE CUSTOMS
SERVICE!

GOT THEM
BOOZLE EGGS,
ACE?

SURE THANG,
ACE! SNUG AS A
LUG IN JUG!





NEXT PROG: AL CAPON AND BEAKYFACE NELSON!

ANDERSON DIVISION

WHEN AM I BACK
ON THE STREET ?

**PROG
468!**

MAKE A DATE
WITH FATE !

IT'S GONNA
BE GREAT !

**ORDER YOUR
COPY NOW!**

2000 AD's N-N-N-N-NINTH BIRTHDAY ISSUE!

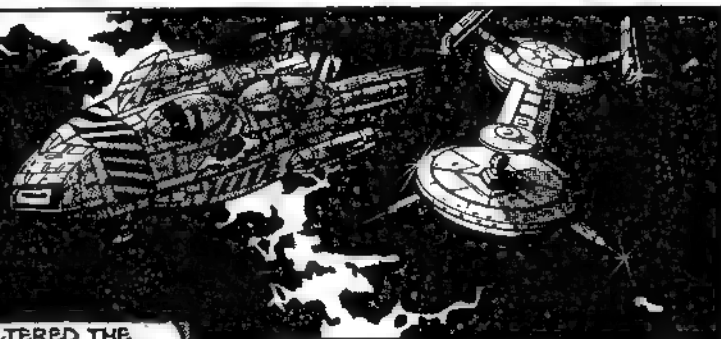


**THARG'S
FUTURE-**

SHOCKS

**SECONDS
OUT!**

A PASSING
STAR-SHIP
HAS GONE
TO THE AID
OF A
STRICKEN
CARGO
FREIGHTER...



ON BOARD THE STAR-SHIP...

CAPTAIN! YOU
MUST TELEPORT
BACK IMMEDIATELY!
THE FREIGHTER'S
REACTORS ARE
GOING TO EXPLODE
IN TEN SECONDS!



NOT TILL I'VE ALTERED THE
FREIGHTER'S COURSE! IF SHE
BLOWS HERE, SHE'LL DESTROY
THE
ASTEROID COLONY!



...NINE!

GOT TO ACCESS
THE MAIN DRIVE
COMPUTER THROUGH
THE DAMAGED
CIRCUITS!



...EIGHT!



...SEVEN!

DONE IT!
OKAY, TELEPORT
ME BACK!



...SIX!



OH... MY
WATCH MUST
BE RUNNING
SLOW!



!

2000AD
Credit Card!

SCRIPT: ROBOT
O. STEFANIK
ART: ROBOT
JEFF ANDERSON
LETTERING: ROBOT
TONY JACOB

COMPU-73e

GRIPLIGS

PART 2

CAPTAIN JAMES KRIK,
I'M ARRESTING YOU ON A
CHARGE OF **PEEP RUNNING**.
ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL DO
YOU NO GOOD AT ALL.

YOU CAN'T ARREST HIM! THE
SHIP'S DUE **OUT** DAY AFTER
TOMORROW!

GODBER,
STEWARD -
SMUGGLING
THREE YEARS.

SOUZIER,
ASSISTANT
PURSER -
SHORTCHANGING
THREE YEARS.

MAGOO,
ENTERTAINMENTS
OFFICER - RUNNING
AN ILLEGAL
LOTTERY - **TWO
YEARS.**

RAND, NAVIGATOR - BIGAMY -
NINE MONTHS EACH COUNT...
MAKING A TOTAL OF **TEN
AND A HALF YEARS.**

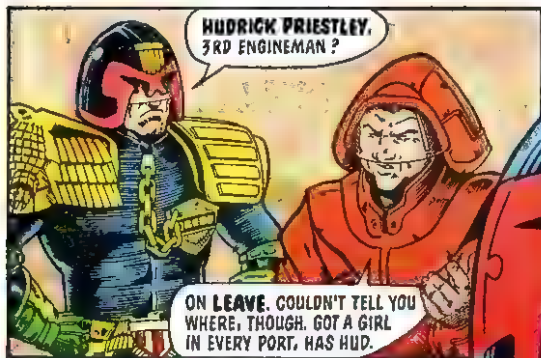
THEN YOU'LL NEED
A NEW PILOT.
YOU'LL ALSO NEED
SOME NEW CREW -

MOLEY! THE
WIVES'LL KILL ME!

SCRIPT ROBOT
T B GROVER

ART ROBOT
BARRY KITSON

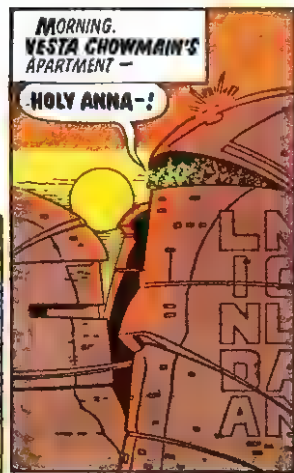
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRANK



HUDRICK PRIESTLEY,
3RD ENGINEMAN?

ON LEAVE. COULDN'T TELL YOU
WHERE, THOUGH. GOT A GIRL
IN EVERY PORT, HAS HUD.

OKAY. I'LL KEEP A CUBE WARM.
LET ME KNOW SOON AS HE SHOWS.



MORNING.
VESTA CHOWMAIN'S
APARTMENT -

HOLY ANNA -!

THE GRIBLIGS -
THEY'VE GOT LOOSE.
THEY'RE BRED!

B-BUT SO
MANY -
SO SOON!

CHUP CHUP!

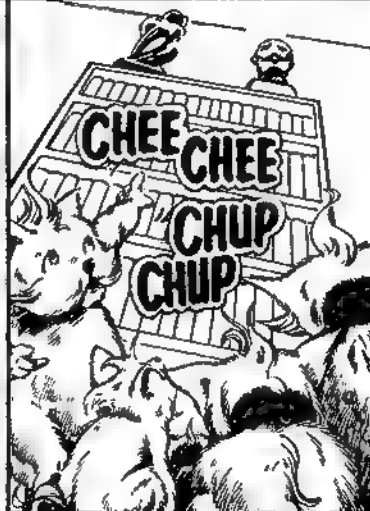
I TOLD YOU,
VESTA - THEY
BREED LIKE
FLIES!

CHEE CHEE!

CHEE CHEE!

CHUP CHUP!

3
JUDGE
D
G
E
D
R
E
D
D





IT IS SEVERAL WEEKS BEFORE JUDGE DREDD IS CALLED TO THE CHOWMAIN APARTMENT —

THE NOISE IS TERRIBLE! SHE MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF ANIMAL IN THERE!

GET BACK ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS, CITIZEN. I'LL HANDLE THIS.

DROKK!

SLAM!



DREDD CHECKS THE BODIES —

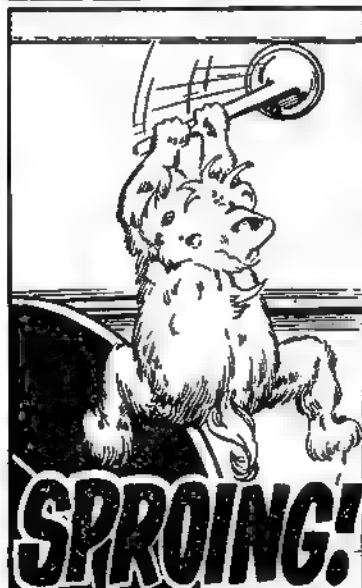
ONE OF THE DEAD IS HUDRICK PRIESTLEY, CONTROL — THIRD ENGINEER ABOARD THE LARVIK. GUESS THAT CLEARS UP THE LARVIK CASE.

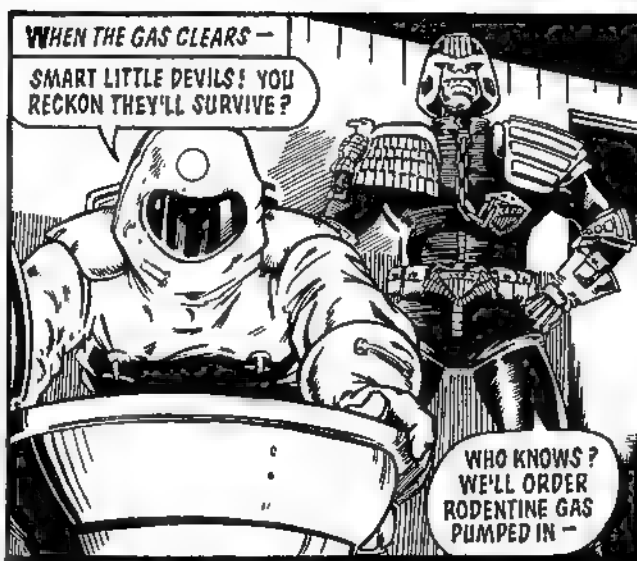
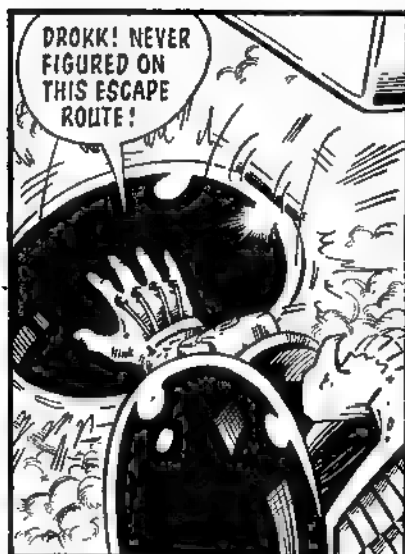
THE ANIMALS SEEM FRIENDLY ENOUGH, BUT I RECKON THEY'VE BEEN FEEDING ON THE BODIES.

GOT ANY IDEA WHAT THEY ARE?

ANIMALS IDENTIFIED AS GRIBLIGS. A SEMI-INTELLIGENT SPECIES FROM PLEXUS THEY'RE DESCRIBED AS SOCIABLE, OMNIVOROUS. BREED LIKE WILDFIRE.

CAN'T RISK THEM GETTING LOOSE IN THE CITY. BETTER SEND IN PEST CONTROL.





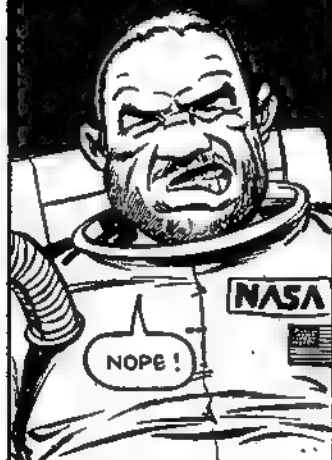


THARG'S FUTURE-

SHOCKS

SUDS' LAW!

MAN'S SEARCH FOR
ANOTHER INTELLIGENT
LIFE-FORM IN THE
UNIVERSE — WAS IT
CONDUCTED BY NASA...?



WAS IT THE SOVIET
SPACE AGENCY...?



WAS IT THE EUROPEAN
SPACE AGENCY...?



WAS IT BILL PODDERS, EXECUTIVE PRODUCER OF "DEADENDERS",
BRITAIN'S SECOND MOST POPULAR SOAP OPERA...?

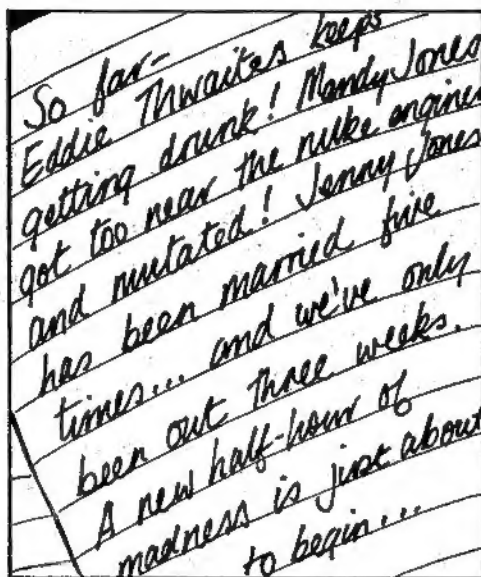
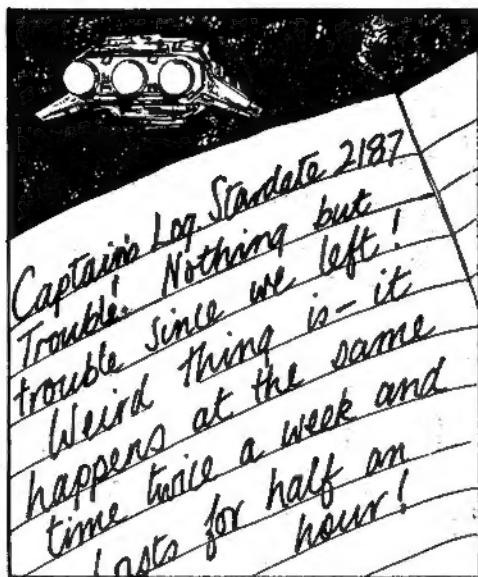


2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
O. STEFANIUK
ART ROBOT
K. RAYMOND
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB

COMPU 73c









CLIFF ROBINSON
[1962—]

THE NEW MASTERS

